THE PACIFIC

VOL. LXIII SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, CAL. MAY 14, 1913. No. 20

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

PACIFIC
Theological Seminary,

THE POWER HOUSE.

Here have we focused forces unknown until today.
Here have we hived new powers of flame that swarm and stream away.
Down highways dark where globes of light along the meadows bloom;
Where lustrous lilies born of night dispel the city's gloom.
Efficient, brisk, decisive, the master spirit goes,
Reviews his restless regiment of humming dynamos,
His orders gives and vanishes. No thought have such as he
To glean the golden pollen of the midnight's mystery,
Sufficient for their purpose that they brought this thing to be.

High in his holy city, in his power house vast of space,
The Master of us all looks forth. He sees his planets race;
His dynamos that generate the thought that comprehends
The infinite; the will that still the finite's grasp extends,
And love that shall interpret all and greater love beget.
And the powers that dwell in darkness shall be delivered yet.
He sets his finger to a switch. A world has ceased to be.
Another flames new born; with it his Son and such as we;
And light shall dawn on darkest night and teach blind eyes to see.—John Curtis Underwood.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price, $1.50 a year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific, at 447 Minna Street, San Francisco.

(The editor and manger is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

Entered as second-class matter January 5, 1909, at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF OAKLAND AND ITS FUTURE LOCATION.

The First Congregational Church of Oakland has a valuable site in the business section of that city and could sell doubtless for five hundred thousand dollars. Indeed, it is reported that an offer of that sum has been made.

There has been of late a growing sentiment in favor of selling and going out into a fine new residence section of the city and establishing there a family church. Many are of opinion that the down-town work could be cared for by the Myrtle Street Congregational Church, if adequately equipped, and Oakland Congregationalism be greatly strengthened and upbuilt in the next few years by a departure from the down-town location. Prominent members of the church who favor this are of opinion that there could be established in the Adams Point part of the city, about a mile distant from Plymouth Church and the new Presbyterian and Methodist churches, a church which would ten years hence be the largest, strongest, and most influential church in the city. At first there would be considerable of a decrease in membership; but, once established, there would be gradual growth. In that part of Oakland which we have mentioned there is a large circle of territory in which there is no church. In it is a large number of the finest homes in Oakland, and it is being rapidly settled by people who are building houses costing from $4,000 to $15,000.

So far as we are able to ascertain there is no strong sentiment in the First Congregational Church of Oakland for such a down-town work as would have to be carried on if the church should rebuild on its present site or on another near by. There are not a few who would like to see the down-town location disposed of and such plans adopted for the future as would strengthen both the Myrtle Street work and Plymouth and lay foundations for a new First Church of large influence in the next five or ten years in a fine residence district yet unchurched except at a distance. Plymouth needs a new $50,000 building. In our judgment Congregationalism would be more and better advanced by a distinctive than by a unitive future for these two churches—the First and Plymouth. The Myrtle Street Church is now well located for institutional work, and will be increasingly so as the years go on.

If a large down-town church is maintained it can be done only by the calling to the pastorate a man who as a preacher would tower above all other preachers in the cities east of the bay. It would be difficult to secure such a preacher and difficult to pay him. It could be done, doubtless, for a while. But after a few years the only solution would be an endowment.

The building of a structure on the present site, partly for church purposes and partly for business—a plan urged by the retiring pastor—would mean a great business enterprise into which many are not inclined to enter. It would also, in the opinion of some, take away the spiritual atmosphere so desirable in a house of worship.

The changes which have taken place in Oakland during the last two years make necessary an early decision on the part of the First Congregational Church as to future location. May wisdom be given from on high to the end that a conclusion be reached which shall mean much for Congregationalism and the Church Kingdom!

ONE OF THE ENCOURAGING SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Congregationalists have always led in building up sentiment for church federation and all practicable unity. For many years this was done without much response on the part of other denominations, and often to our own detriment. In recent years the sentiment has been found to be rooting itself in many other denominations, and now editorial articles and other articles thereon are frequent in the denominational papers. Among the papers taking an advanced stand of late is the Northwestern Christian Advocate. An Illinois pastor writes to that paper with reference to several brief editorials bewailing the redundancy of churches in many of the small cities and in the villages, and says in that connection:

"No one is more painfully aware of this condition than the pastor whose life has been spent in these places. To preach to half a hundred people on Sunday morning and half that number on Sunday evening is not inspiring, nor is there much encouragement in knowing that other ministers are in like circumstance, while the prayer meeting—which should, but is not, the people's meeting—is often the bane of the minister's life. Nor does it make the work easier to be reminded by the people that they see no diffrence in the denominations. Some months ago a stranger came to this village, and at the station asked to be directed to the Methodist church. 'There are three Methodist churches here; which of them do you want?' he was asked. While the statement was not exactly correct, it was so nearly so that two of these churches might as well go out of existence. But which two? The needs of the church at home are so pressing and the struggle for existence so intense that there is little to spare for anything else. Pastors and people share in the conviction that there are too many churches, but how to make them fewer is the problem. Won't somebody rise and tell?"

The Advocate makes comment to the effect that this Illinois brother voices a cry that can be heard all over the land.

"We are confronted by the embarrassing situation of an overchurched and undernurtured denominationalism, creeping along at a 'poor, dying rate' and arriving nowhere. Out in the business world such competitive operations would be classed as 'cut-throat methods.' By the experience of years

of distressing inefficiency due to this same crowding of weak organizations, the rank and file—and in many instances, the leaders of denominational life—are thoroughly convinced that the present situation persisted in is foolish and almost, if not in many instances altogether, un-Christian."

Ten years ago although conditions were just as bad as they are today it was scarcely possible, so far as our knowledge goes, to find such an utterance as the foregoing in a Methodist paper. Truly things do move in this old world'

But the reply to the question "What are we to do?" interests us as much as the foregoing admission. As to this the editor of the Advocate says:

"The only program is, in every possible instance, to correct the error, and then under the illumination of the truth as we have it today, cease to err in the future. It is a simple program—more so than many are willing to admit. We have time and again inquired of pastors or churchmen in small towns concerning conditions in their midst only to find distress because of inefficiency born of overcrowding.

"We are fully conscious of the tenacity of denominational creed and polity, both in the individual and the organization, which persists long after their day of positive usefulness has passed. But in the face of this selfish attitude, there are scores and hundreds of congregations, of our own Church and others, that have come to the point of almost demanding a new order; and we are just a little surprised that our Federated Council of Churches does not proceed in more cases to negotiate for the happy elimination or fusing of such congregations as feel most the burden of a destructive competition."

The Advocate goes on to say that the attitude of Methodism should be broad and sympathetic. The district superintendents are then given some wholesome advice. Their influence is regarded as very considerable. As to them the remark is:

"It would appear to be a great sacrifice for a superintendent to voluntarily relinquish a congregation to another denomination in the interests of a united and stronger body. It takes a little courage for him to report the fact at his annual conference where so much stress is laid on statistics. But the superintendent who will encourage such a move when he is convinced that by it the larger Kingdom will be conserved, is possessed of fine courage. We know of such who measure life and service in largest terms."

A few years ago Superintendent Harrison of the Northern California Congregational Conference encountered a Methodist superintendent who was determined to organize a church in a village well-cared for by the Congregationalists. It was not until Superintendent Harrison laid the matter before Rev. Dr. Dille, a man of large influence in California Methodism, that the district superintendent abandoned his destructive effort.

Turning to the local church our Chicago contemporary says:

"There is only one thing for the churchmen in weakened communities to do: Find the greatest common divisor of their creeds, provide for the most workable polity, join hands and hearts, and move forward. What denomination shall paint its name above the door? What church shall provide a pastor? Which treasurer shall receive its benevolent collections? Secondary questions, these. Right-hearted men will not ask them?"

Nothing in all this is new to Congregationalists either in suggestion or practice. But it will be news to many Congregationalists that Methodists (who for so long a time thought that no community was properly churched that did not have a Methodist church) are writing and talking this way. And it will be very encouraging also.

The paper from which we quote has a circulation close to fifty thousand. The Western Christian Advocate, published in Cincinnati, and edited by Dr. Levi Gilbert, who several years ago was a pastor in Seattle, took an advanced position on federation and unity several years ago. The California Christian Advocate has not been so outspoken. But its editor has shown of late that he has had a vision that this wicked, wasteful competition must go.

All in all there is much that is encouraging. We have seen, in the papers of denominations other than our own, in the last year, more against this destructive church competition than we had seen during the ten previous years.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF HENRY WARD BEECHER.

H. V. Rominger.

VI.

Beecher belongs to that class of great leaders and inspirers of humanity to which we can add some others like Bernard of Clairvaux, Martin Luther, Abraham Lincoln and W. J. Bryan. As a preacher he was without a peer since Apostolic times. His field was broader and the time more inspiring than was ever given to a man since the days of Paul of Tarsus Preachers may be divided into wooden, iron, brass, silver, golden and diamond preachers. We have a great many wooden, iron and brass preachers, some silver and a few golden preachers. Beecher belongs to the diamond class, the rarest of all. This country has not yet recorded a greater name, and God knows how long the generations will have to wait before they see his equal. No man in America did more to deliver Christianity from the Babel of theological schools and to proclaim again its central truth, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Beecher said he studied everything else but theology, and yet no man in America did more to make Christianity a living power in every department of life, to emancipate the pulpit from the scholasticism of the Middle Ages and bring it into living sympathy with the living thoughts and problemns of the age. He produced a deeper and more permanent intellectual effect on the religious life and thought of this generation and has given a greater spiritual impulse to the pulpit and people of the United States than any other man of the 19th century.

Roswell D. Hitchcock of Union Seminary, N. Y., himself one of the most brilliant minds of the century, says: 'If any one asks me for the highest type of development from the Reformation of Martin Luther, I would point to Henry Ward Beecher."

As a minister of the eternal gospel of Christ Beecher will be known and loved long after he who fashioned into form the most logical creed has been buried in the cold oblivion of unread history. In all ages some heretic who treads the thorny oath of reformer and prophet has thrown his arm around struggling humanity and blessed it. We love the man who in our weakness and failures bids us look upward and have hope. Until struggling humanity no longer needs the uplifting power of love and sympathy, on its appealing heart will be seen in undimmed letters the name of Henry Ward Beecher. He was great as orator, great as agitator,

but greatest of all as preacher. To those who knew him best his private life was a finer and nobler illustration of the gospel than his most eloquent words. He was greater than his greatest sermon, better than his best words. Those who knew him best loved him best and honored him most. He was often as great and eloquent in his parlor before an audience of one as before an audience of three thousand.

Judge Tourgee says, once as a boy he had lost his way in the Berkshire Hills, when he came across Beecher scrambling among the rocks with an armful of flowers. The boy knew the great preacher and watched him throw down his flowers, toss off his soft hat, and lying prone upon the ground, quench his thirst at a bubbling spring. Then he sat for a long time silent looking down into the quiet valley and off at the hazy hills beyond. The boy had overcome his shyness, and was about to descend and inquire his way homeward, when he heard the soft full tones which stole with such insensible power into every ear. Looking down he saw the stalwart figure in the luminous solitude kneeling in the midst of the painted leaves, the bright autumn sunshine lighting up the warm brown hair and touching with unwonted raidance the soft lines of his placid face as he prayed—alone—upon the mountain, with no thought that anyone but God could hear.

The boy listened with amazement. He had been accustomed to prayer, for the family altar was an almost universal rite, as a religious service he had known, and sometimes apart from the family devotions, he had occasionally tried praying on his own account. He regarded it as pretty serious business, however, a thing needed to be done and ought by no means to be neglected. But such a prayer as this he had never heard before—indeed, he never heard such another since. A calm, tender, quivering rapsody of thankfulness that God had made the earth so beautiful. A burst of gratitude for mountain and valley, river and spring, rock and brake, sunshine and shadow, tinted leaf and whirring pheasant—everything that had gladdened the eye or charmed the senses during the autumnal stroll.

"I have no idea how long he prayed," says the judge. "For the first time I thought a prayer too short. I wished that he might keep on forever. As I looked at his glowing face and saw his dewy, luminous eyes as it concluded, I may be pardoned if I thought of the Mount of Transfiguration. I do not remember anything he said, but I walked all the way home in a sort of delicious dream full of strange, vague aspirations, and sweet, tender recollections. Somehow I came to see more in nature afterward than I had ever done before, and I have never cased to be grateful that I heard this prayer in the mountain oratory."

Dr. Chas. Hall, the Episcopal clergyman, who conducted Mr. Beecher's funeral, said: "There is no man, whom I have ever met or heard of or whose works I have ever read, who impressed me so deeply with the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. He was a man of men, the most manly man I ever met, but he was also a man of God in a pre-eminent sense of the word."

A fine illustration of his character was given in a touching incident at Plymouth church on the last Sunday evening he ever preached there. At the conclusion of the sermon, after the congregation had retired, the organist and one or two others were practing the hymn:

"I head the voice of Jesus say
Come unto me and rest."

Mr. Beecher lingered to listen. Two street urchins were attracted to come into building. One of these was standing in the position Raphael has immortalized, gazing up at the organ. The old man, laying his hand on the boy's head, turned his face upward and kissed him, and with his arms about the two left the scene of his trials, his triumphs and his successes forever. Recognizing, as the Master did, that the humblest and the poorest were his brethren, the great preacher was led out into the darkness of the night by the little nameless waifs.

Persecution and hatred he experienced in all their bitterness, as has every other great man who has ever benefitd the race, but his name, his influence and his work have passed into history, and unborn generations shall call him blessed; and when the mists of controversy shall have cleared away forever, all true Americans will see in Henry Ward Beecher the noble citizen, the grand brother man.

MORE MEDIEVAL HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

How we celebrated Cable Laying.

In the olden time, whatever San Franciscans did, they did earnestly. So, when the Atlantic cable was laid, we had a whole-hearted celebration. This city had then about fifty thousand inhabitants and they turned out in a procession more than three miles long. Its composition also was as remarkable as its length. Besides the usual parade of military, social societies, bands of musicians, etc., nearly all kinds of business done in the city was exhibited in actual operation. There was a printing press, striking off copies of a newspaper and distributing them to the crowd; also a bakery in full operation, with free gifts of its products; a cigar manufactory, giving out cigars to all; several brewery wagons, with barrels of beer with pewter cups attached for free use; blacksmiths and carpenters at their regular work. These last prepared and erected the frame of a house while marching. There were steam engines in full blast, one of them operating a quartz-crusher. There were fire engines, loaded express wagons, stage coaches, such as were in common use in the state in those days. There were three vans containing one hundred and twenty girls dressed in white, and carrying flags inscribed with the names of all the states in the known world. And there was Adams, the bear-tamer, with two small grizzlies in a wagon, the whole full-grown one, walking behind. On this day, the whole city suspended work and did all its business in the open air.

There was one remarkable feature of the celebration, considering the former reputation of this city for utter lawlessness, viz., the almost entire absence of drunkenness and disorderly conduct. There was tumultuous excitement, yet perfect order, and hardly a person was injured accidentally or otherwise throughout the day. The good fruits of Vigilance Committee's work were delightfully manifest in this universal good order.

But the crowning feature of the celebration was the illumination at night. For a display of this kind, San Francisco is most favorably situated. The Bay is in a semi-circle of lofty hills, terraced, and built on to the tops, with rows on rows of dwellings, and with these all illuminated one standing at the bottom seemed to be in the center of a semi-globe of bright lights, while above all was that wonderful comet, with its broad tail, fifteen or twenty degrees in length. I suppose the laying of that Atlantic cable had

nowhere a more fit and impressive celebration than in San Francisco.

Nor was the celebration the end of the matter. There had been much talk about our need of telegraphic connection with the East, but all were waiting for Eastern capitalists to build a line for us. But now, as "the gods help those who help themselves," the people woke up and began to stretch their hands Eastward. A line was started toward the mountains and planned to reach Salt Lake, expecting that the action would stimulate Eastern people to meet us there and make connection with us. Another was started, running southward, intended to follow the route of the Overland Mail to Memphis. There was a good deal of real enterprise in this action, for at this time our connection with the East was very imperfect. The overland railroad had not been started, and though we had two mail routes across the continent and mails were sent twice a week towards Memphis by stage coach and pony express, and once a week from Placerville to St. Joseph's, Missouri, and though these coaches sometimes took "through" passengers as far as they went, yet it took nearly a month for a passenger to get through, and New York was practically three times as far from us as it is today from Liverpool. But the broad Atlantic was cabled, and surely this broad continent would be cabled, too, and in faith we began to stretch telegraphic lines Eastward. It seems strange to us now, but when Senator Broderick went East, it took him nearly a month to reach Washington. We Californians were almost out of the world. The broad Pacific was on one side and the impassable mountains on the other, and should we ever shake hands again? In this state of mind it is no wonder that all San Francisco turned out to celebrate the laying of the Atlantic cable. It was like Noah's first rainbow—God's promise of "no more flood." It was the girdling of the earth, well and surely begun. We should be, soon and surely, linked again with human kind. So we sang and shouted, and exulted in sure hope. San Francisco is larger and more ambitious now, but she will not be more joyful in 1915 than she was in 1858.

THE PEW TO THE PULPIT.

W. C. Pond.

Not long ago I was the guest of a Christian lawyer, the leading lawyer, I suppose, of the county in which he resides; an earnest and steadfast Christian, a generous giver, a good listener, such a one as inspires a preacher and helps him do his best, worldy-wise in the right and highest sense of that word, and not likely to be ultra even in a good cause. With no suggestion from me he turned aside from the conversation in which we were engaged, and as though God spoke through him, discoursed about what he needed and desired when he went to church. He introduced it by declaring with great earnestness that he had recently journeyed extensively in the East, and that he had not failed to attend church twice each Sunday, and that he had heard but one sermon that really fed the hunger of his spirit, and that one was by Dr. Gunsaulus. He then went on for ten minutes or more to tell what he and men like him need and desire from their pastors, and when he had finished, I begged him to write out for me what he had said, for I believed it to be a message all our pastors might well hear and take to heart.

He did not seem to take my suggestion seriously, and while he did not refuse, he did not consent, and it is only after a repeated and urgent request that I have received from him this which follows. Lest it might seem like a criticism of his own pastor, which certainly it was not intended to be, I do not give his name or any intimation of his residence, but what I have said of him above, would receive abundant endorsement wherever he is known:

"When I go to church, I want to hear the gospel. I don't want to hear a discourse on the evils of divorce, upon prison reform, or upon scientific, socioligical or political problems. Upon these subjects I can inform myself as well as the preacher. He gets his information from the daily papers, the magazines and various publications accessible to the public. He quite likely is not as well informed as many of his listeners upon the subject. A preacher cannot be an expert in all lines and upon all subjects. The greatest problems for human consideration are moral and spiritual, embracing such questions as the purpose of life, the existence of God and our relation to him, salvation and immortality. Christ's life and teachings throw almost the only light upon these problems.

"When I go to church, I want to hear an expert in gospel teachings. Other subjects I read about and hear discussed six days in the week. On Sunday I like to hear, from someone who is prepared, a message from the gospel. I don't want to hear about science or art or literature. I want to hear about faith. What may I know and attain by faith.

"Busines men and professional men, and, in fact, men of all classes, are really eager to know the Bible, wherein is hown man's search for God, and wherein, in the New Testament, is revealed the God in whom all things exist and who is at the same time a loving Father.

"These are things men want to know, and a preacher who cannot interest his hearers upon gospel subjects, cannot succeed or reach men upon other subjects. This I think will be the testimony of all men who are frank enough to express their opinions. The great preachers are the gospel preachers.

"The great mission of the preacher is to build up character in the individual."

I feel like beseeching our pastors, my brethren beloved, to take these words to heart. Moving about continually from church to church, I find some that seem half starved. I am thinking of one just now that seems left to die. It has a good plant, a church building finely located, a parsonage and a constituency that seems to me to need only to be well fed in order to do good work for Christ and for the deepest and most serious needs of men. Its members are questioning whether they will not let it die. And I cannot forget the tone of sorrow with which two saintly women said to me two years ago, "We have evtrything discussed in our pulpit except the gospel of Christ." Repeatedly I have been told by persons who would be pillars in our churches, that they were going elsewhere. "I don't go to church," said one of these—my own child in the faith—"to hear about children's playgrounds and all sorts of things in social science and the rest. I go to hear Christ preached."—and then named a church of another denomination to which he was going because of this.

Brethren, if I seem to be playing to you on this one string till what I write gets tiresome to you, read what Christ says in the sixth chapter of John: "I am the living bread which came down out of heaven; if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever." Nothing else but this

living bread will keep Christ's people in spiritual health and vigor. Nothing else will nerve them for the most effective action in every good cause. Not otherwise can the church of Christ fulfill its real mission in the world.

THE FLORENCE CRITTENTON WORK.

George L. Patterson.

Why has the Florence Crittenton system of seventy and more institutions the recognition of the world? Because, for nearly thirty years it has actually brought results. From 5,000 to 10,000 women and girls are protected and trained each year in Florence Crittenton homes. Of these, 95 per cent, are of the high-school age, beginners who are battling heroically with circumstances too overwhelming to be conquered by themselves alone. Protection by some such organization is absolutely imperative. Florence Crittenton institutions are scattered from coast to coast, and from Fargo, N. D., to Houston, Tex. Not only does each accomplish most gratifying results in its own locality, but also there is furnished to all the homes opportunity to exchange inmates whenever a new environment is especially desired, and as individual needs require. In Pennsylvania, seven Crittenton homes are maintained, in New Jersey, four. The New York home receives many who are committed by magistrates of the Night Court, yet its doors receive others who come of their own accord. Throughout the chain of institutions, as a whole, the vast majority seek these shelters voluntarily and with much relief of mind at finding an open door. In Virginia, there are four Florence Crittenton homes, also one in Delaware, another in Maryland, and a refuge in West Virginia. Georgia has four, Alabama one, and another is conducted in Mississippi. New England has Crittenton homes in Maine, Massachusetts and Connecticut, North and South, East and West, alike feel their responsibility toward this most helpless class of human sufferers.

First assisting this movement while yet I was a student at Harvard, and later during the practice of law in Boston, I became impressed by the great consecration of the founder, Charles N. Crittenton, and by the strict business methods which he carried into philanthropic work. Years later, on coming to New York in hopes of exploiting and endowing his organization, my principal asset consisted in optimism, for Mr. Crittenton was no more, and hundreds of worthy philanthropies knocked at the door of every large church. The first church to which I applied gave a Sunday service, with an audience of seven hundred. Other appointments followed, until within three months I had lectured on the Crittenton movement in the churches of the Rev. Drs. Charles L. Goodell, Thomas R. Slicer, John Haynes Holmes, J. Herman Randall, and many other clergymen of wide reputation. Recognition of the magnitude and efficiency of the Florence Crittenton work was now assured throughout the influential churches of New York and further apointments followed. In Philadelphia, Dr. Russell H. Conwell gave an evening in the Baptist Temple, and soon after penned a testimonial commending the work done by Crittenton homes, as also did the Rev. Dr. Robert MacDonald, of the Washington Avenue Baptist, in Brooklyn.

The first act of recognition shown the Florence Crittenton rescue movement by the national Government was a departure from previous customs in granting its central organization a Federal charter. The Federal charter, as first granted, required renewal at the expiration of twenty years. As later amended and enlarged in scope, however, it was made perpetual. Hence at the present time, with a self-perpetuating organization patterned largely after the plan of Harvard University and the Protestant Episcopal Church, together with its charter from Congress, freed now from all limitations of time, the only lack is a substantial endowment to render it as secure as any hospital or great university.

Two parallel problems must be solved. First, how to strike at the root of the social evil and destroy its most menacing cause. This, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and his associates are handling in a practical and scientific way. But there is the second problem, and it is this: Sixty thousand beginners enter the under-world annually in the United States alone. At the best, years must elapse before the traffic is absolutely crushed, and a much greater period of time before all men will protect rather than force downward womankind. For those, therefore, against whom society's doors are closed, rescue homes must furnish shelter and protection.

After granting the Federal charter, Congress in further recognition of the Crittenton work, appropiated $3,000 a year, under certain conditions, toward the maintenance of the Florence Crittenton refuge at Washington. With like appreciation of the practical methods employed, a number of the States, such as West Virginia, Pennsylvania and Nevada, assist our homes from State funds. Municipal recognition comes by way of financial aid given from the city treasuries of Atlanta, Topeka, Los Angeles, and many other centres. Although the amounts contributed from these sources furnish but little compared with the total of current expenses, the fact of financial aid being given from public funds shows the recognition which years of consecrated effort have won.

Some years ago the government of France following the precedent established by our own, issued to the Florence Crittenton home of Marseilles a national charter. Two of our refuges do an active work in Japan, with one other at Shanghai, China. In the city of Mexico, our home was for some years under the direction of Mrs. Diaz, as president of the local board.

Since frequently it is from the lack of manual training that girls go wrong, the subjects most commonly taught at Crittenton homes are cooking, general house work, sewing, dress-making, millinery, and such other manual arts as the local board deems advisable. Often classes in common-school branches are of great help to the foreign girls. Religious services of a non-sectarian character are conducted several times a week, besides short devotional services after the Bible readings following breakfast. In none of the homes are there conducted religious meetings for both sexes, for while ministers are invited to address the inmates, their hearers are women.

While our national organization encourages every home to be self-supporting, this frequently is not possible. We need a large fund, the income of which can be used for emergency purposes and extension work. The Florence Crittenton movement is too valuable to American life to be allowed to go down. True there is a beginning of an endow-

ment which is kept invested in first mortgages with improved city property as security. To show its inadequacy, however, it may be said that should this ever be divided equally among the homes, it would yield to each but $5 a month. Mr. Crittenton gave most generously in founding this chain of seventy and more rescue homes. They must now be adequately endowed.

Two assets must be brought together. Experience is one. Capital is the other. On account of the delicate nature of rescue work, experience is of much greater importance than in many other forms of philanthropy, yet on the other hand, how distressing to see thousands go unsheltered and untrained for service simply from our lack of capital! We have the experience of nearly thirty years. We have the consecrated women workers and the plant, so to speak, for nearly one million dollars is invested in buildings in the United States and foreign lands. As a rule real estate is held jointly by the local and national boards, although in a few instances the property is under a contract with the national organization that it shall not be sold. We have a self-perpetuating organization working under a Federal charter. Combine these assets with a substantial endowment and results can be made fourfold. While all internal methods are devised and carried out by women, the business of the organization is largely in the hands of men, with the exception of Mrs. Kate Waller Barrett, M.D., the president who for years acted as general superintendent under Charles N. Crittenton.

The great movement now under way to crush the white-slave traffic strikes most directly at one great cause of woman's downfall. By this effort, men of affairs, the medical profession, and sociologists are to mend the breach in the dike. Herocially do they battle with the flood of vice, of degeneracy, of crime which so threatens modern civilization. Below the dike, however, there surges a flood. Life's valley is deluged by an angry torrent, and the victims are many. Till flesh is under bondage to spirit, till all the strong protect all the weak, just so long will this flood drag down thousands. Rescue homes must be maintained to rescue the perishing before they are beyond reach, to furnish shelter for those against whom all doors seem closed. This is the work which must continue parallel with the great movement begun by Mr. Rockefeller. The two lines of charity do not conflict. Rather will they prove of great mutual helpfulness.

The Florence Crittenton movement represents a great stock company with dividends which, though certain, are paid in joy only, and in the consciousness of having prevented agonies of mind too intense for human expression. "The centuries crown and anoint the kings of earth."

FAULTY SPELLING TO BE CORRECTED IN WHITMAN COLLEGE.

At a recent meeting of the faculty of Whitman College there was consideration of the question of the failure of many students in the upper classes of the College to have mastered the fundamentals of English. The fact that some students are unable to write neatly and legibly a composition free from misspelled words and badly formed sentences was regretfully admitted by the members of the faculty. In view of this condition it was decided to ask the English department to form a special class for the correction of these faults and to authorize any member of the faculty who finds students turning in papers which are unacceptable in these particulars to send such students into that class. No credit toward graduation will be given for work done in that class, but no students will be graduated who has not satisfactorily completed the work outlined. The enforcement of this decision will unquestionably meet with much opposition from those who are subjected to it, but if it accomplishes its purpose it will mean that the graduates of Whitman College will be unusually free from those failures in elementary English which should certainly be eleminated in the education of a college graduate.

THE WORLD NEEDS LOVE.

George R. Wallace.

The Bible, the world's supreme work of literature, treats the theme of love with beauty, pathos and sublimity untouched by all other books. Paul's symphony of love is incomparably grand, and the highest and most thrilling thing ever written is the scriptural statement. 'God is love.'

Love is the divinest gift with which God endowed mankind. Swinburne tells us how the gods mixed a draught of tears, suffering and death, for the human race. How much grander would the poet's lay be did it tell how God mixed the wine of love in life's goblet, and, pressing it to human lips, filled the earth through all ages with the ecstasy of love, as God did!

One who has not learned to love is subnormal, as is the flower that never blooms, or the orchard that never bears fruitage. Each without the sun's heat is a frozen ball, without moisture a Sahara desert. Life without love is a dreary and awful desolation. Perfect physically, intellectually, morally, but lacking love, life is a dread failure. The meanest thing that loves is greater than the greatest thing without love.

The solution of earth's multitudinous sociological problems lies not in political schemes, nor even generous philanthropies, but in love When employer and employee meet in brotherly love justice will be done without strife. When people love, sweatshops, child labor, shameful tenement houses, slums and the evils of modern society will perish.

Love is something which is only learned through experience. Walt Whitman tells us of going to a lecture on astronomy where figures, charts and diagrams were shown him till he wearied, and, losing interest in the theme, went out. Wandering under the night sky he suddenly found himself thrilled and fascinated by the stars overhead. Science and philosophy never taught the world as much about love as one parent learned when a little child wrapped its arms tightly around the parential neck and said, 'I love you!'

The hunger of humanity for love is the deepest and most universal fact in the story of human existence; heap all the bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts, grass-green emeralds, all gems of the world on one side, and demand of us that we choose between them and one simple life that truly and dearly loves us and we will kick all the gems of the earth into the abyss of space rather than lose that one life's love.

Love is the one thing that touches the deepest nature.

The tragedies of love are the ones that break the heart and end life the swiftest. Parents thanking God for children dead—thanking because it was no worse than that, after bearing for years deeper depths of sorrow. Mothers sinking into eternity, crushed off the earth by children's waywardness—is there any tragedy which we can conceive of more intensely agonizing than for a loving life to be linked through years with a loveless life? How many, like Lear, have been glad to court hardship, to escape the memory of being abandoned by love? How touching Lear's answer to Kent's request that he seek shelter from the pityless storms: 'This tempest will not give me leave to ponder on things that would hurt me more.'

Why are people today forgetting to love? One reason is the shallowness of many lives. Tolstoi said that the celebrated talkers of the past would be exceedingly embarrassed if alive today, everything intellectual being considered so dull.

Another reason for love's decay lies in selfishness. A selfish life is a murderous life—it murders life's very best—love!

Many a life that 'goes astray,' as we say, does so because unloved. When a man is thirsty and is driven from the sparkling well of water he oftimes slakes his thirst with the brackish liquid in the ditch. Will not the unloving one who denied the drink at the spring sometime have to answer for the other's sin?

A great cause of weakening love today is pure weariness. The forces of life are so exhausted by worry and the strain of modern effort that life has lost power to even respond to the appeal of love. God help the weary who are too worn with life's battle at times even to love.

What presents more grandeur than an abiding love? Today, in America, homes are falling to pieces through divorce like houses of cardboard in a cyclone. The tale of the unceasing destruction of American homes is sufficient to blanch the face of our country's bravest lover.

The supreme cause of love's decadence today is found in the decadence of religion. Men forget that love is a gift of God. He who made the rose, the lily-of-the-valley and the forget-me-not. He who gave men intellect and a world, He it is Who gave the power to love and be love. Have we thanked Him for it?

The nations that lost religion and forgot God soon forgot true love. Husbands and wives that, in those nations forgot God soon forgot each other. All true love is founded upon and is protected by convictions. When religious convictions degenerate into mere opinions, the obligations of love give way to passing inclinations.

Are we forgetting to love? Then thousand persons were murdered in our land last year by people who had forgotten to love! Ten thousand persons last year rushed into suicide's graves because some one forgot to love them! The bonds of love were not sufficient to hold them in life. God forgive us as a nation for our failure to love. National greatness, truly measured, lies not in our might in warfare, not in our monumental buildings, not in our wealth, not even in our educational opportunities, but in our power to love.

Have we forgotten to love God? We need Him. At times our lives are overwhelmed with doubt, while defeat and dismay make us tremble. Governor Yates, in war hours, feared and wrote Lincoln a despairing letter. Lincoln after a look at the power and goodness of God sent back the laconic and brief reply: 'Dick, stand still and see the salvation of the Lord.' When the earthquake heaves the mountains, wrecks and rends the cities and drives the ocean from its bed, the stars stand unmoved. Amid all the vicissitudes and mutations of life God and his love are ever the same.

Supremely this old world needs love!—Toledo, Ohio.

A GREAT UNION WORK IN NANKING, CHINA.

The Northwestern Christian Advocate calls it a Presbyterian Methodism and remarks as follows:

"The Presbyterian, the Disciples of Christ, and the Methodist Churches at Nanking, China, are to join forces for the training of a Chinese ministry. The men whom they train will be the representatives of these three denominations as they preach the gospel among the 100,000,000 people in four provinces. It is expected that within the next ten years they will be able to send from this school 400 preachers equipped to carry to their own people the gospel message. Each co-operating denomination is given an opportunity to teach its doctrines and principles to its own students, by means of electives in the course. It is a notable fact, however, that the students from each denomination are anxious to study the doctrine and discipline of other denominations. Hence, our Methodist missionary, Harry F. Rowe, is teaching the Methodist discipline to the Presbyterians, and the Methodist students are studying the Presbyterian confession of faith.

"This illustrates the way in which the idea of union and co-operation is taking hold of the Chinese. Of course such breadth of spirit is not to be thought of in Christian America. Beyond question it is possible in China solely because of their ignorance of our traditional antipathies. Blessed ignorance! Would that we, the wise, could become foolish for Christ's sake."

JAPAN'S ALIEN LAND LAW.

The Pacific had last week a brief article concerning the ownership of land in Japan by aliens. Since then there has come to our notice a statement of explanation by Kiyoshi Kawakami, of Momene, Illionis. author of 'American-Japanese Relations."

Referring to a statement made by Governor Johnson, that "Japan, until 1910, had an absolute law against alien ownership, and, in effect, has it yet," he says that "this is misleading." Mr. Kawakami goes on then as follows:

"In 1910 Japan adopted a law in virtue of which foreigners were to be permitted to own land, provided such foreigners came from a country where similar right is extended to her subjects. The enforcement of this law has been delayed for various reasons, one of which is the difficulty of applying the reciprocal principle adopted in the law to such countries as the United States, which has no uniform alien land law. I have, however. reason to believe that the law will be put in effect in the near future.

"But the point I desire to emphasize is that even in the absence of the new alien ownership law the foreigners in Japan are allowed to enjoy almost all the rights which are enjoyed by the natives. The civil code of Japan, adopted in 1898, was framed after the Digest or Pandet

system, and in consequence is not much different, as to both form and principle, from the civil code of France, or the burgerliches gesetzbuch of Germany. It recognizes the rights of possession and ownership, the superficies, the emphyteusis, the servitus proediorum, the lien, the preferential right, the right of pledge and the right of mortgage.

"Of these nine rights, the right of land ownership will not be conferred upon foreigners until the new alien owner law takes effect. Of the other rights which are extended to foreigners, I call special attention to the superficies and the emphyteusis. The superficies is, of course, a species of lease, but is not incumbered with any restriction as to its duration. It has almost all the essential features of ownership. The emphyteusis is another kind of lease, the term of which should not be less than twenty-five nor more than fifty years. Without entering into details, it may be reasonably said that foreigners, allowed to acquire these real rights, virtually enjoy the benefits of ownership.

"There is another consideration. The civil law of Japan extends the right of land ownership to corporations organized by foreigners in conformity to the requirements of Japanese laws. To enjoy this privilege it is not necessary that such companies should include any Japanese interest. Moreover, a company, whether partnership or joint stock, may consist of any number of persons, from two upward. Suppose a company is composed of only two persons. In this case one of the duet may hold as much as 99 per cent. of the whole interest. If, therefore ,a foreigner desires to own land it would be a comparatively easy matter for him to attain the end by organizing a company with another person, Japanese or foreigner, possibly one of his intimate friends, and allowing the latter only 1 per cent. of the entire interest. In this way he would have virtual control of the land acquired, for the interest of his partner would be but nominal.

"But if a foreigner does not care to go into such troubles in order to acquire land, he has of course the alternative of becoming a Japanese subject, for in Japan any alien can be naturalized.

"To recur to the alien land law of 1910. This law is on a par with any similar law enacted by any nation upon the principle of reciprocity. It has, however, one provision which I consider unfortunate—I refer to the clause forbidding foreigners to acquire land in the three territories, Formosa, Saghalien and Hokaido. I do not see why the Japanese government should make such a restriction. Perhaps the authorities fancy that these new territories, being yet sparsely settled, may become dominated by foreign capital if the alien ownership of land there be not prohibited. Such apprehension is absurd. Capital is timid, and refuses to go where profitable investment is problematical. Throw open all of her territories, and Japan may yet rest assured that foreign capitalists will not be so Quixotic as to invade snowbound Saghalien, explore semi-tropical Formosa, or go forth into the abode of the hairy Ainu. But even if they would go in droves into the remotest corners of the mikado's realm in search of land, what of that? It would only add to the wealth and prosperity of the country. It is, however, consoling to think that the exemption of these territories will, as a matter of fact, cause no practical inconvenience to foreigners, who would not care to acquire land in such regions, prohibition or no prohibition.

"In addition to the rights extended to foreigners in the civil code, I must mention the so-called "lease in perpetuity," which the Europeans and Americans wrested from Japan when she was yet totally inexperienced in diplomatic affairs. The Western powers, having forced open the doors of Japan by the impact of their cannon balls, set up in the island empire an imperium in imperio in the form of consular jurisdiction and the settlement. In every open port they compelled the Japanese government to set apart an extensive tract of land for the business and residential purposes of their citizens and subjects. This they called the "settlement," and such indeed it was, for here the Japanese government virtually had to forfeit the exercise of its authority. In the settlement they established what they pleased to call perpetual lease. In reality this lease was an actual surrender of land by the Japanese government in favor of foreigners, for the latter never paid either rent or tax upon the properties they occupied.

When the inequitable old treaties were abrogated, in 1897, the settlement was abolished, but the perpetual lease remained, and still remains, intact. On the land thus leased the foreigners erected residences and office buildings valued at millions of dollars, and yet they refused to pay tax upon these buildings. Would any Western power tolerate such an obnoxious institution?

The more closely we look into the matter the more clear does it appear that the foreigners in Japan are allowed to act much as they please. They are allowed to enjoy almost all the civil rights enjoyed by the natives, and in addition they have the benefits of the special concessions which they exacted from Japan when she had just awakened from a lethargy of centuries."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

To the Editor of The Pacific:

It is certainly a great misfortune—as illustrated in the correspondence on Mysticism that has been recently carried on in your columns— that what apears to many as the most salutary spiritual movement in modern thought and life—a movement away from the materialism which has been stifling the higher life of our civilization, away from the scientific Naturalism of Haeckel and Ostwald, and the aesthetic Naturalism of Santayana, away from the barren intellectualism of Absolutism and Orthodoxism, toward a renewal of confidence in the validity of simple religious experience—a movement which has given us a deeper insight into the meaning of the gospel of John and the heart of Paul; a movement which alone can explain the welcome that has been given to the message of Eucken and of Bergson; a movement which if given due place promises to restore to the church a fuller consciousness of the presence of God and the reality of the spiritual life; a movement which we all are longing for and which comes to us with the support of philosophy, the force of history and the power of a great longing after God, should be misunderstood and regarded with suspicion and aversion because it happens to have attached to it the term Mysticism. Well, those of us who care everything for the reality and precious little for the name would be glad to substitute another, if only one could be found. But who will find it? Shall we call it "religious experience"? That is the gist of it; but the phrase has no historical or philosophical signification. It does not indicate a definite attitude toward truth and life as does Mysticism. Shall we call it spirit—"spiritual-

ity"? The question answers itself. The only thing to do that I can see is to take the term Mysticism and help to redeem it, as it is now being redeemed by almost every new publication on the subject, to its larger and worthier meaning—the meaning which really represents its heart and substance—namely, the immediate and assured consciousness of God and of spiritual reality. As Progressor Pratt has said in his Psychology of Religious Belief, "Whoever prays not merely with the belief, but with the immediate sense that God is with him and hears, is to that extent a mystic and a mystic of the highest type.

Granted that mysticism has been associated with much of extravagance in speculation and in practice, granted that there is an abnormal as well as a normal type of mysticism; what better can we do, who are after the reality, than to take it at its best, to call Paul a "Mystic" as Dr. James M. Campbell has done, to recognize the great succession of spiritual sainthood, as mystics, and to do our best to help to restore to the church and to the world the heart of Christianity—the sense of the ever-present God, the living Christ, the indwelling Spirit?

JOHN WRIGHT BUCKHAM.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Pasadena, Lake Avenue.—At the communion service on the 4th of May the pastor, the Rev. James H. Lash, had the pleasure of welcoming 18 persons to membership.

Berkeley, First.—Five persons were welcomed into fellowship at the recent communion service. The Rev. Geo. B. Hatch, a former pastor, will supply during the vacation of the pastor this summer.

Guerneville. — The union of the Congregational and Methodist churches in Sunday-school work was such a success the first year of the plan that it was decided to continue the arrangement. These churches are realizing that in union there is strength.

Plymouth Church, Seattle, on May 4th, received some thirty members, mostly on confession. The day marked the first anniversary of the dedication of the new building, which has proved to be almost above criticism as a working plant and the admiration of all visitors; cost, with land, $360,000. This day also marked the seventh year of the present pastorate. During this time over 800 members have been received, the income for expense and benevolence doubled, the problems of change of site, new building and down-town policy successfully met. The church calendar bore also the reminder that just ten years ago the first Pacific Coast Congregational Congress was in session at old Plymouth. It is expected that the National Conference of Charities and Correction will be held in the new Plymouth this coming July.

Campbell.—Mothers' Day was observed in the Campbell Church with special services both morning and evening. In the morning the pastor, Rev. Geo. E. Atkinson, gave the Mothers' Day address, and received twelve into membership, all but one of these coming on confession of their faith. Three were parents, a father and mother whose two daughters joined the Church three years ago, now the parents come. Two were from the Christian Endeavor, one being a graduate from the High School this spring. Six of the number were males. In the evening the pastor's Sunday School Class, "The Searchlights" had charge. Several of the class took part, the Class President presiding. Mrs. J. E. Bell recently of Minneapolis spoke for the class, on the subject "The Heart of War, and a Mothers Heart." Friends from Saratoga, Mrs. J. L. Pendleton and Mr. Page, sang as a duet "Tell Mother I'll be there." The Searchlights have taken charge of the evening service frequently, and as a a class are a great help to the pastor and the church. The pastor was appointed delegate to the National Council by the Santa Clara Association.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Prof. John Wright Buckham, of the Pacific Theological Seminary, has been appointed the Nathaniel W. Taylor lecturer at Yale University for the next university year.

The spring meeting of the Sonoma Association of Congregational Ministers and Churches will be held May 20th with the Cloverdale church.

The members of the Congregational Ministers' Wives' Club, with their families as guests, have planned a picnic for Tuesday, May 20th, to be held at Mill Valley.

As many as can are intending to take the 9:45 boat, the Sausalito ferry, at the foot of Market street. From that time on boats run every hour. A large gathering is expected to enjoy this day in the woods, and the opportunity to increase Congregational fellowship.

REV. N. KUBISHIRO GOES BACK TO JAPAN.

The Rev. N. Kubishiro, who has had charge of the Congregational Japanese Church in Seattle for the last four years, has returned to Japan, and will take the pastorate of a large Kumai church in Osaka, the second largest city in that country.

Mr. Kubushiro has been in the United States eleven years. He is a graduate of Pacific Theological Seminary and of the divinity school of Harvard University. His wife is a daughter of the Rev. O. Okubo of San Francisco.

Just before his departure from Seattle the Congregational ministers of that city gave him a reception, which was attended by all the Congregational ministers of Seattle and by President Penrose and Dr. Brooks of Walla Walla.

The following was adopted:

"Rev. N. Kubushiro has been for four years an honored and well-beloved brother of the ministerial circle of Congregational ministers of Seattle and vicinity. He has won a high place in our esteem by his unassuming Christian character, rare scholarship, and by his unselfish devotion to the welfare of his own people and the well-being of the country. We greatly regret his departure from among us, but rejoice in the open door that is before him in Osaka. Further, we take this occasion to express the heartfelt prayer that in our country no discrimination be made in state or national government against the Japanese, a great and generous people who have always proved themselves the true friends of America."

THE REV. H. F. BURGESS CLOSES A SUCCESSFUL PASTORATE AT SUNNYSIDE, WASHINGTON.

The Rev. H. F. Burgess closed his pastorate at Sunnyside, Washington, last week and entered on another in Seattle, with the Fauntleroy Park Church, which is located in a new and rapidly growing part of that city.

The Rev. H. S. Mahood of Fordwich, Ontario, has been called as his successor.

Mr. Burgess has a large circle of friends in California who will read with much pleasure the following, which we take from a Sunnyside paper:

"Mr. Burgess has for several years been the minister, having served the longest term in an active pastorate in this city. He preached his first sermon here, December 2, 1906, in the old Federated church. Six denominations were still worshiping together, though notice had just been given of the withdrawal of three. For the first two years Mr. Burgess combined the office of Sunday-school missionary with that of local pastor. He organized Sunday-schools and held occasional services in a score of isolated school houses in Yakima, Benton and Klickitat counties. In some of these communities he was the first and the last to preach the gospel message.

"In 1908 he edited a descriptive booklet published by the Water Users Association. Later, when the financial support of the Sunday-school Society was withdrawn, he devoted part of his time to newspaper work, acting as city editor of the Republican. When that paper was combined with The Sun, Mr. Burgess was employed for a year as editor. The growing demands of his church work, however, made it necessary for him to devote less time to journalism and finally to give all of his energy to his ministry.

"The handsome building in which the Congregational church now worships will always be associated with the pastorate which is about to close. The corner-stone was laid October 12, 1911, and the building was dedicated March 24, 1912. This building, designed with special reference to Sunday-school work is doubtless one of the best equipped church plants in Yakima county.

"In spite of hard times, the finances have been so managed that, within a few days, the comparatively small debt which still remains, will be carried, without interest, by the Church Building Society, to be repaid in installments, covering a term of ten years.

"Mr. Burgess is much interested in education and has kept in close touch with the schools. Pupils have felt free to go to him for counsel and for training in vocal expression.

"As an active member of the Chamber of Commerce he has endeavored to promote the material prosperity of the community and in other ways to respond to calls for public service.

"Thinking that a Brotherhood, composed of men anxious to promote the moral, social and sanitary welfare, would be a good thing for the town, he took steps which resulted in forming one. It is Congregational in name only, as its membership includes men who belong to other churches and to no church. Under its auspices college presidents and other distinguished speakers have come to Sunnyside, and by addressing representative audiences have raised the standard of public sentiment and have tried to bring it to bear upon local problems.

"By many, Mr. Burgess is best known in connection with the interest he has shown in boys, irrespective of church affiliations. In 1909 his class of boys in the Federated Sunday-school organized as the Four-Square Club and a majority of them, upon their own initiative, became the nucleus of a local troop of Boy Scouts. Mr. Burgess accompanied his boys on two of their annual camping trips and had planned to go with them, this year, to Mt. Adams. He seems to have the happy faculty of winning the respect and confidence of most boys, without special effort and he has tried to use his influence to inspire boys with due regard for Christian ideals and a desire to cultivate manly virtues. As a friend to the boys he has found a worthy successor in the person of Morris Stevens, who is already very popular as assistant scout master.

"It has been a source of constant satisfaction to Mr. Burgess to know that the Congregational denomination was the first to organize a church in Sunnyside and, therefore, is entitled to the right-of-way, so to speak, among the Christian churches of this city. Without being unduly aggressive, this church has, under the present pastor, enjoyed a steady growth and has exerted a wholesome influence in the community. The pastor has tried to place emphasis upon a Christ-like life and character, rather than upon mere numbers, or the observance of outward forms. In his preaching, he has tried to place Christianity above "churchanity." He has sought a broad fellowship with other churches upon the basis of a common faith in essentials and liberty with regard to nonessentials.

"For any success he may have attained, Mr. Burgess acknowledges himself greatly indebted to the willing and faithful assistance of an able and devoted corps of church officers and workers and above all to his wife, who has contributed fully as much, in her sphere of activity, as he has in his."

RESOLUTIONS ON THE RESIGNATION OF A PASTOR.

The Craig Memorial Congregational Church of Paradise, accepting the resignation of Rev. L. W. Winslow, adopted the following:

"Resolved, That while we as a church feel that the resignation of our pastor, Rev. L. W. Winslow, is nothing more than justice to himself, on account of failing health, yet we feel loath to give him up, knowing that without his guiding hand, both spiritually and financially, we as a church could not have attained to the place we now occupy, and our prayer is that the hand of time may deal gently with both him and Mrs. Winslow, and that we may be enabled to enjoy their fellowship and council for many years to come."

THE EXODUS FROM WASHINGTON TO CALIFORNIA.

Four pastors in Washington have accepted calls recently to California, and we here are ready to welcome any number of others like them. They are in the order of their calling: Raymond C. Brooks of Walla Walla, M. A. Frost of Monroe, O. P. Avery of Blaine, and C. F. Clarke of Seattle.

SANTA CLARA ASSOCIATION.

The 46th meeting of the Santa Clara Association was held in Palo Alto, May 6th and 7th.

The Rev. C. W. Merrill of Saratoga was moderator;

Mr. Cutler of San Jose, assistant, E. R. Shaw scribe and W. C. Beach assistant.

Reports from the churches were of an encouraging nature.

Mark C. Munson of Pescadero was examined and ordained by the Association. The associational sermon and the ordination sermon were combined; the Rev. W. W. Willard of San Jose, an exposition of Paul's address on Mars Hill. The ordaining prayer was by C. W. Merrill;; charge to the candidate by B. M. Palmer; right hand of fellowship by Roy H. Campbell.

At the Wednesday session the Rev. C. H. Stevens spoke on "The Old Evangelism and the New Life." Prof. A. B. Show of Stanford University on "The Progress of Church Unity"; Rev. Geo. Atkinson on "Figures and What They Reveal."

"Every Member at Work" was considered by a pastor and a layman—Rev. B. M. Palmer and Mr. Silas Mack of Pacific Grove.

The Association had also an inspiring address by the Rev. Dr. E. L. House of Spokane, Washington, on his new and larger work among the churches of the country.

Wednesday evening an address was given by the Rev. F. E. Morgan of the Baptist Church, on "Realizing the Presence of God."

The association meets next year with the church at Saratoga.

A committee was appointed to help organize men's brotherhoods in churches where none exist at present and to make more effective the work of all laymen.

The executive committee of the association for the ensuing year is: The Rev. Roy H. Campbell of Palo Alto. moderator; the Rev. George E. Atkinson of Campbell, registrar; the Rev. C. W. Merrill of Saratoga, retiring moderator.

UNIVERSITY LECTURES ON RURAL SOCIOLOGY.

The University of California is sending out a letter reading substantially as follows:

The President of the University some weeks ago received a letter from a minister in one of the country towns in California, calling attention to the problems of the rural clergymen and suggesting that the University of California through its school and farm at Davis possessed an opportunity for public service to the country churches of the state. A conference of representative ministers from various denominations, including the Presbterian, Congregational, Methodist Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal South, Baptist, Roman Catholic, Protestant Episcopal, and Unitarian, assembled in President Wheeler's office on March 28th to confer with Dean Hunt of the College of Agriculture and Professor Van Norman, Dean of the Farm School at Davis. There was general consensus of opinion that it was not necessary nor even desirable that a rural minister should be a farmer or a farm expert, but that any minister would be more effective, both as pastor and preacher, if he understood the problems of his parishioners. It was suggested that experts from the College of Agriculture might very suitably explain to ministers the problems in their separate fields in such a way that when any difficulties assumed importance in a particular community the minister would be able to discuss the questions involved, or know how and where to get the necessary information. It was unanimously agreed that it was desirable for the University to undertake a course of lectures on agriculture, including rural sociology, to which the ministers of the various denominations should be invited. It was suggested that the activity be called "Ministers' Week."

In fulfillment of these suggestions the University has determined to hold at the Farm School at Davis, beginning Monday, December 1st, at 8:00 p. m. and closing Friday, December 5th, at 3:00 p. m., a "Ministers' Week." If this first conference proves successful similar programs will later be arranged for Riverside and Fresno.

Ministers of the Congregational denomination who would be willing to attend this conference are requested to communicate immediately with the Rev. Leland D. Rathbone, Mechanics' Building, San Francisco. He will keep in touch with the university authorities. Dean Thomas Forsyth Hunt of the College of Agriculture would be glad at any time to receive suggestions from the clergy of California with respect to these proposals. He may be addressed: Agriculture Hall, Berkeley, California.

The Home.

DOES YOUR PRESENCE MEAN SUNSHINE?

"When you come into the house, do you bring sunshine with you?" is the query that heads the twenty-first of December—the shortest and darkest day of the year—in a modern birthday book. It is appropriately placed, for that is surely the day that needs the sunshine most. Anyone can bring in the sunshine from outdoors upon a radiant day in June, for example. The test is to bring it in on the darkest day of the year.

There are young people who come into the house with a sullen slam, and bring all the drizzle and darkness of a December storm in with them. They are irritable and complaining, and they take it out on the home circle. If they have good manners, their fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters don't know it. There are men whose families hear the door open with dread, because fault-finding and anger are sure to come in with them. There are women who do not seem to consider it worth while to smile inside their own household. Some of them call themselves Christian, and are doing their best to drive every other member of their families away from Christianity by their home behavior.

Christianity means, among its other joys, a beautiful harmonious, home life. It means courage in the face of difficulties, cheerfulness that banishes all fretful irritation and complaint, love and kindness and peace that shine increasingly forth every day, at home and abroad. It has been truly asserted that, unless a Christian's cat and dog are better off because he is a Christian the fact is not certain.

"When you come into the house, do you bring sunshine with you?" Every young disciple striving to serve Jesus Christ and follow the upward way to heaven should keep this question in mind every day until it can be answered in the affirmative.—Ex.

DON'T.

Don't deprive your children of their rights. When your boy honors you by taking you into his confidence and telling you some of the important affairs of the world in which

he lives—the school-room—listen with real interest, for he has a right to be heard.

If you repulse him you are filling his mind with a sense of injustice. One big boy of my acquaintance, and perhaps there are many more, has fallen into the habit of keeping things from mother and of going outside, to less worthy counsellors, simply because mother turned a deaf ear to his childish confidences. This mother laments this state of affairs now, but it is too late to change.

Don't rob your child of his self-respect by scoffing at his ambitions. Oh, the heart burnings, the impotent anger engendered, when ridicule from the home, instead of praise, greets well-meant endeavors. Let the boy indulge in visions of future greatness if he will; all of the inventions and achievements of history have been but dreams at first. Then, too, genius is no respecter of persons, and even if in your modesty you are convinced that a son of yours can never be anything but a chip off the old block, let me beg of you not to tell him so. There have been instances when the chip has been acknowledged to be vastly greater than the block—if he is given a fair chance.

Don't forget, when you are answering the small boy's questions, to put yourself on his intellectual plane. It will require unselfish effort, but it will pay.

A tiny boy was enjoying a trip on the train with his father. There was so much to see and the little fellow wanted everything explained. This modern father laid aside the omnipresent newspaper and "visited" with the boy.

"What are those things, daddie?" pointing at some signal lights as the train halted.

"Signals," was the response, "to show by their colors how things are going." But the explanation was not clear enough. Seeing this the father added: "Don't you remember Teddy Bear, in the story, how he ran past the signals, when he ought to have stopped, and what happened to him?" The child's face glowed; he understood clearly now, after this appeal to his literary world.

Don't break your promises; consider them doubly sacred when made to children. They are more charitable in this direction than adults, therefore don't trespass upon their patience.

Don't sacrifice the innocent pleasures of your children to your own personal likes and dislikes.

A story is told of a teacher who believed in the development of his pupils along the line of their natural trend and inclination. One day he brought to them some white rabbits for a study. He noticed that Johnnie seemed greatly interested. Every spare moment was spent by him over these animals.

"John," said the teacher, "you may have a rabbit to take home; take your choice. Have you a place to keep it?" Of course, Johnnie was overjoyed at the prospect, and together they soon constructed a hutch for bunnie, and the treasure was carried home.

The next day John's mother called on the teacher. "You have given my son a rabbit," said she; "he must bring it back at once, for he will not be allowed to keep it."

"May I ask why, madam," inquired the teacher.

"Because I do not like rabbits," was the reply.

The gratification of the child was thus coolly sacrificed.

Don't be thus selfishly regardless of the individuality of your children. There is even in very small children a noticeable feeling of resentment when the individuality is not given proper homage, and much of the insubordination met with in dealing with children proceeds from a lack of the recognition of the right of a child to be dealt with as a reasonable creature.—New York Observer.

THE ONE WHO LISTENS.

"I do wish people would stop telling me their joys and sorrows—long enough for me to tell them mine, at any rate." The half humorous complaint came from a young woman who in her daily work met many people, and in such a way that confidences came easy. The one who listened to the complaint smiled as she answered. The "silver threads among the gold" in her hair gave the point and force to her words which they might have lacked from a younger speaker.

"My dear, you have the natural attitude of youth," she chided gently. "You sound selfish; but we who know you best know you are not that. I suppose you do get rather more than your share of tales of woe. I'm glad yu have had a few, at least, of gladness, also. Your friends know, too, that you could tell most of those who insist upon doing the talking, a much more thrilling tale than their own—if only they would stop talking long enough to let you." The young woman nodded assent. Her life had been an uncommonly eventful one, in its few years.

"But, dear girl," the older woman went on, "you must remember that each one's own story is the most interesting one in the world to them. If you will be of the highest possible value in your work with this charitable organization, and in life generally, you must learn to listen and sympathize and enter into each case with all your heart. I can say for myself, with the old-time poet:

" 'Yet, taught by time, my heart has learned to glow
For other's good, and melt at other's woe.'

"You cannot begin learning the same lesson, young though you are now, too soon, for your own good and that of those whom you are in a position to help," and she smiled approvingly at sight of the responsive earnestness in the young face before her.

As Others See Us.

It did not take the drummer long to discover that in Bloomington on this particular trip, merchant and customer alike were much more interested in the new conference appointee than they were in staple and fancy groceries. The Christmas holidays were not far off, and Uncle John's was the largest store in the village; and yet the order sheet was woefully short and unsatisfactory. The drummer had an hour or two, to spare before his train was due; so he packed his cases, stuffed his order book in his pocket, and sat down by the stove to look and listen.

The customers filtered in through the banging door. There entered a pompous-looking gentleman, a little past the prime of life, wearing a coat slightly slick and frayed, whose cut defied the fashion plates of later days. He curled his mustache, adjusted his eyeglasses, and ordered five pounds of sugar and a package of cheroots.

"Morning, Brother Smith," began Uncle John. "Have you seen the new preacher yet?"

"Yes," said Brother Smith, sighing heavily as he lighted a cheroot with a borrowed match and requested that the sugar be charged and delivered, while he heaved a nickel

from the depths of an ancient purse and condescendingly laid it on the counter. "Yes, a pleasant sort of fellow, perhaps, but—er—I think—a little conceited—self-opinionated. But you know most young preachers are." The drummer leaned back and smiled.

"Morning, Sister Howell," quoth Uncle John, as a lady with a feminine pomposity equaling the masculine demonstration set forth by Brother Smith alighted from a faded phaeton and came to the counter. "Have you seen the new preacher yet?"

Sister Howell fumbled daintily in her long bag for her shopping list, and at length succeeded in disengaging it from an assortment of card cases, genealogy clippings, and heraldry designs. She then adjusted her lorgnette, looked first at the list of wanted groceries and then at the grocer himself. "Yes," she replied, stiffening a little. "I'm afraid, though, that his hours of calling do not conform strictly to the established rules of etiquette. He was actually at Maple Manor at ten in the morning, and, of course, at such an unheard—of hour I was unprepared to receive him. Perhaps he hardly knows better, and yet he seems to think a great deal of his family connections."

"Maybe he had some special business?" quizzled Uncle John.

Sister Howell hurriedly scaned the order. "I think he did want the parsonage keys, but"—

Again the drummer smiled and rubbed his toasted shins.

Before Uncle John had finished with Sister Howell, a young man and a cigarette entered. The cigarette had the young man by the lips and was leading him just where it willed. Something like a ring, whether it be smoke or metal, in such location is generally effective in leading the captive —and this young man had reached the slave stage. The youth flecked the ashes from his sleeve and a speck of dust from the crease in his trousers.

"Morning, Algy," came the greeting. "Have you seen the new preacher yet?"

"Saw him on the street, but didn't make his acquaintance. You know 'Im not very strong on preachers. But, say, ain't that coat of his a beaut? Got any idea who his tailor is?" And with this he purchased on credit his day's rations of cigarettes. The drummer chuckled and rubbed his shins again.

And so it went.One was quite sure that the new brother was proud of his personal appearance, and another vouched for the fact that his learning would make him haughty. One was certain that the preacher was entirely out of date, and another classed him with the new-fangled and extra modern. Finally a quiet, plainly clad man entered, bought a barrel of flour and a sack of sugar, paid for them in cash, and ordered them sent to the parsonage. He was about to take his leave without further words when Uncle John succeeded in halting him with his everlasting question: "Have you seen the new preacher yet? "The reply was short and to the point, and it had the unexpected effect of hurriedly clearing the store: "Yes. I believe him to be a good man; I feel that God is with him." The drummer cleared his throat.

The store was quiet; and then Uncle John turned to the drummer, and, with a smile, half reminiscent, as he thought of the various opinions that had been variously expressed, he asked: "Got any idea of our preacher by now?"

"Only from that last brother," returned the drummer; "but I'd like to say that I've got a pretty good idea of your trade."

"How's that?" said Uncle John with surprise. "You ain't acquainted in these parts."

"Naw," replied the drummer, "and I ain't hankering to be, either. Just listen a minute. The faults that you see in the other fellow are the faults that you've got in yourself; the rest of his shortcomings are his misfortunes. Some time ago I went to my boarding house for dinner. It wasn't quite ready, and I strolled up and down the floor two or three times, routing my next trip. There was a sister in that room in a rocking chair, and that chair was going at a clip that the lighting express might envy. She was jerking from switch to sole leather. She turns on me and says: 'Never in all my life have I seen anybody so nervous as you.' 'Sister,' says I in reply, 'the nerves are in you, not me. You happen to be what you think I am.' She didn't like it, but 'twas so all the same. Now that first old gent that came in here is so dead stuck on his own opinions that it wouldn't hardly be safe to quote the sayings of the saints in his presence. I'll guarantee that he knows, or thinks he knows, more about your conference than the bishop himself does. He knows a lot more about guv'ment than Congress, and considerably more about merchandising than you. The preacher may be stuck on his family relations, but that sister surely was. I don't know who the preacher's tailor is, but I'll guarantee that he is a sight better paid than that two-cent sport's. You've got one or two around here that are proud of their looks that ain't worth photographing, and some proud of their knowledge whose skulls are probably stuffed with sawdust for brains. And not to weary you with this discourse, I'd like to say that the last brother is worth all the rest of your morning's trade put together, and that he could buy the whole lot and then have some spare change. My opinion is that conference has sent you a good man, because you surely need him."

Uncle John looked at the drummer with blended admiration and surprise. "Say," he exclaimed, "you can just double that order and add"—

And the drummer got busy and smiled again.—Christian Avocate.

For The Children.

THE HONEY BEE.

"Buzz!" says the bee,
"Just look at me,
Just listen to my noise;
I have to work,
And cannot shirk
Like lazy girls and boys,
Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!"

The Birds And The Rock.

One day Little Boy had been very rude and saucy to everybody. He had struck his little sister, had tormented his kitty, had whipped his faithful dog. He had ordered the servants around with great rudeness, and when he wanted to ride to the field with Nat, one of the plowmen, he said, in a loud and angry tone, "Nat, you'd better take me to the field with you, or you'll be sorry for it."

Now, mama wanted her little boy to be kind and polite to every one, so she said, "Son, Nat shall not take you with him until you ask him kindly."

Little Boy was not in a frame of mind for a scolding, so he looked ugly. Mamma had found that to punish him most severely was to leave him alone, and so she went away. She called the other children and told them to take no notice of their brother for several hours. He was a very lonely little child all that morning, but at dinner he was in his place with a very clean and shining face, and his hair bore the marks of a hair dresser not much accustomed to his task.

He was very quiet and submissive, though, and said, "No, I thank you," and, "Yes, if you please" to all offer of food. He ate in silence, and as soon as the meal was finished, he slipped from his chair with an," Execuse me, mamma." Then he stole into the nursery, and going to his own bureau drawer, took a small brown paper package. Getting his jaunty little cap from its nail, he hurried down his favorite path through the orchard.

The catbirds and thrushes were gaily singing amid the fruit trees now beautiful with the blossoms of springtime. A soft pink cloud overspread the peach trees, the apple trees were full of tight little pink buds, closed fast like a sleeping baby's fists, and the pear trees were milk white with their snowy flowers.

The child's heart, already softened by his lonely hours of reflection, was filled with the joy of the bursting life and gladness round him, so before he reached Big Mammy's cabin the dimpled face was wreathed in smiles. Before he caught sight of the old woman he heard the tremulous voice singing:—

"When de stars in de elements are falling,
An' de moon dips away into blood,
When de sea 'gins to roll, an' de rocks to melt,
Oh, Sinner, whar will you stand?
Sinner, oh, Sinner, whar will you stand?"

But when Little Boy appeared, the song was changed into a joyous greeting: "Bless my soul, ef heah ain't my putty chile done come to see Big Mammy! Honey, I is glad to see you, shore!"

"Here, Big Mammy is some peppermint dandy and a little scalloped cake I brought you. I saved it for you yesterday."

"Lord, bless de chile, he's des like his maw and his paw, —always so good to de ole woman. Thankee, Li'le Boy, thankee! Don't you want some bread and milk?"

"No, thank you, mammy, I've just had dinner. I wanted to see you so much. I am so lonesome at home."

"Wal, I'm proud to hev you. Git a cheer an' hold Fido so he won't bark, an' I'll tell you 'bout de birds and de big rock."

One time, all de birds had been eatin' some mighty salty meat, and dey wus powerful thirsty. All de springs, and de branches, and de creeks, and de ribbers wus dried up, fur it wus hot summer-time, and so dey couldn't git no water to drink.

Dere wus a great big rock on de side of a mountain, and it was said it was full of water, des lak de one Moses got water out of, when he wus er leadin' de chillen of Israel to de Promised Land.

All de birds flew to dat rock, and dey wus goin' to try to break it open wid dey bills. Fust come de big eagle, and knock loud and mad:—

"Plump, plump, patter, roller, pump, pump, patter roller!"

He broke his bill and flew up in de tree.

Den heah come de buzzard. He try to knock louder and harder dan de eagle:—

"Pump, pump, patter, roller, pump, pump, patter roller"'

But he broke his bill and flew up in de tree, long side of de eagle.

Next de crow he tried to peck open de rock wid his bill:—

"Pump, pump, patter roler, pump, pump patter roller!"

He happened to de same axident as de yuthers and flew up in de tree to rest.

De hawk, de owl, de rain crow, de woodpecker, de yallow-hammer, de kildee, de jay bird, de thrasher, de mocking-bird, de red-bird, de cat-bird, de robin, de blue-bird and all de birds of all sizes and ages tried loud and hard, and dey wus mad as mad could be. Dey al broke dey bills and flew up in de trees to rest till dey feel able to fly off.

Bimeby here come de little wren. He went to de rock, and touched it des es soft, lak he wus a-lovin it:—

'Pump, pump, patter, roller, pump, pump, patter roller!"

De ole rock wus so pleased it fairly opened and de water gushed out and de birds drank till dey squenched dey thirst.

"Big Mammy, the wren was kind and gentle. Kindness and gentleness and love will make people do what you want them to do, I think."

" 'Course hit will, Li'le Boy. You des try once and all de time."—Primary Plans."

STORY OF A DANDELION.

A dandelion grew in a garden plat,
In the shade of an old stone wall;
Her slender leaves made an emerald mat,
Where the stem grew straight and tall.

In the cool spring days she had worn a hood
That was small and tight and green;
She wore it as long as she possibly could,
Till many a hole was seen.

Then she sent down word through her stem and mat
To the storehouse under her feet,
That she needed at once a bright new hat,
With trimmings and all complete.

It was fine as silk and yellow as gold,
Like a star that had fallen down;
With brightest trimmings and all complete,
The gayest hat in town.

And next she wanted a summer hat,
Adorned with small white plumes;
So they sent her one in place of that
They had sent with yellow blooms.

For many a day she waved and danced,
And bowed to the birds and bees;
For many a day the sunbeams glanced
Through leaves of the friendly trees.

But a brisk little wind went by one day,
"Please give me your hat!" he cried.
He carried the little white plumes away,
And scattered them far and wide.

—Kindergarten Review.

TWO LITTLE IMPS.

I'm a pretty good girl as little girls go,
But my mother says—and I guess it's so—
That two little imps sometimes get hold of me,
And make me as troublesome as can be.
This is the way of it: Yesterday
I flew downstairs "like a flash," they say,
Or "like a blue streak" (though red or blue,
I never yet saw a streak that flew).
Well, the band was parading up the street,
And the fifer blew and the big drum beat,
So down I raced—and there came the cook
With a tray full of dishes! 'n' I didn't look,

And mash went the teacups—one—two—three!
And that was Imp-et-u-os-i-t-y!
And the other imp—oh, that's worse yet!
I try to remember, but I forget;
It comes so quick on its little wings,
And buzzes about, and darts, and stings!
This is the way of it; Just today
Baby came out to watch us play,
Helen and me. We were having tea
Down under the old horsechestnut tree;
And when we weren't looking, up he slipped
And spilled the sugar and cream, and tipped

And I—I gave him the awfulest shake!
He's so little, and cunning, too;
And don't understand, like big folks do.
And I was as 'shamed as I could be;
For that was Imp-a-tience! Oh, dear me!—Frances Moore Geiger.

Over the teapot, and ate the cake.

Typist: "It's my birthday tomorrow; I'm going to take a day off."

Bookkeeper: "Why don't you take five years off, same as you did last year?"—Bystander.

A little East Side moving picture place has up two warning placards. One is, "Do Not Smoke. Remember the Triangle Fire." The other reads, "Do Not Spit. Remember the Johnstown Flood."

A SMALL SCHOLAR'S WISH.

I'll tell you what I'd like to do,
I'd like to live next door to a zoo!
Then the animals I'd have for chums,
And I'd get the adder to do my sums;
And when I'd a task in geography,
The kangaroo would bound for me,
The seal would seal my letters, you see;
And the monkey would steal dates from the history;
The elephant would lend me his trunk, I know,
When off on my travels I wished to go;
I'd spend the eagles and fly the kites,
And the tapir would light my room o' nights;
I should have great fun, I think, don't you?
If I only lived next door to a zoo!—Western Christian Advocate.

A LITTLE BOY'S SACRIFICE.

It was during one of the presidential campaigns, when caps bearing the candidates' names, were worn by the schoolchildren. A little boy in our neighborhood had been wanting one for some time, but his parents thought it was an unnecessary expense and told him he must do without it. He kept on asking for it however, doing his chores faithfully all the while, until one day his mother gave him twenty-five cents and told him he might buy the much desired cap. How happy he was, that at last his request was granted! As his father was a gardener, he and his sister had to deliver some vegetables that morning before the cap could be bought. On the way they met a blind man and his daughter, selling brooms. Their hearts were filled with sympathy for him and the sister said, "Let's buy a broom from that poor blind man with that quarter." The little boy felt very sorry for him, but oh, how could he do without the cap he had hoped to wear? A struggle went on in his young heart but he gained the victory and said, "All right, call him back and we'll buy one." They bought the broom and although he made a sacrifice he went home happy because he had helped to make some one else glad.—Emma Meckenstock.

Camp Curry
OPENS MAY 1st

Circulars in All Railroad Offices and Peck Judah Cabinets

Camp Curry Excursions

ROOM 272, MONADNOCK BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO
Telephone Douglas 3852, or after 6 p. m., Franklin 1767
or address
DAVID A. CURRY, CAMP CURRY, CALIF.

MILLS COLLEGE

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast.

Suburbs of Oakland, California.

Full collegiate courses leading to degrees. Entrance and graduation requirements equivalent to those of Stanford and University of California. Students fitted to teach regular lines of academic work and Home Economics. Special advantages offered in music, art and library study. Well-equipped laboratories, modern gymnasium. Provision for out-door life and amusements. Christian influences, non-sectarian. Courses so arranged that students may enter either semester. Semesters open in August and January. President Luella Clay Carson, A.M., Litt.D., LL.D. For catalogue address Registrar, Mills College P. O., California.

POMONA COLLEGE

CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA.

A Christian College of High Standards and Fine Equipment, in an Ideal Location.

For catalogue and illustrated pamphlet Address, THE SECRETARY.

Pacific Theological Seminary

—Located at—
Berkeley.

Seat of the University of California. Curriculum modern, thorough, practical. Valuable University advantages free. Open to qualified students of any denomination. Location and climate unexcelled. Expenses low. Next year opens August 19, 1913. Address President, C. S. Nash, D. D.

Free Kindergarten Normal School

of the
Golden Gate Kindergarten Association
Accredited by the State Board of Education.
Miss Virginia Fitch, President.
Miss Anna M. Stovall, Principal.
Address: 560 Union St.
San Francisco, Cal.
Telephone Douglas 4143